Normally this would have been quite the breathtaking sight, ascending along the side of one of the great skyscrapers overlooking the city below. Veins of roads strung out from the lovely heart of the city here, bordered on all sides by buildings of all shapes and sizes, crowding around and growing out towards the bay in the distance, glittering like a little piece of the sky overhead that had fallen right down to the earth's surface.

Breathtaking indeed… were the feral kitsune here in the elevator not holding her breath, there in the back of her throat and her lungs, for the sake of the hot liquid pressure boiling and burbling throughout her lower body. She gritted her teeth and tossed her head, trying not to watch the way the floors of the building sped past them with their ascent, as the pull on her body made this struggle even more difficult. She swallowed and groaned, sweat beading out on the fur of her forehead, and spread her hindlegs a bit to help *air out* a little bit, heavy sheath and sack bouncing beneath her with the movement of the elevator combined with the constantly-strained muscles.

God, she thought, *I swear I'm gonna explode soon…* she swallowed again, clenched her tailhole as tightly as she could, and for a moment almost thought that her muscles were about to give right out anyway. A gasp, a sigh, another flutter deep in her bowels that felt like hot, compressed air worming its way through her system, and then she had to clamp herself tightly down all over again.

The wolf beside and slightly across from her was faring no better, she could tell. Reign kept his muzzle angled out towards the city swinging down away from them, though the pitch of his ears, tightness of his lips, and the way his hindlegs and entire lower body twitched and shivered with half-suppressed urgency gave it all away. He was a *large* feral, roughly the same size as one of the regular, two-legged folks who worked the rest of the building and walked on the streets outside, and as such he had to keep himself halfway turned around to even fit into the main compartment of the elevator here.

This put Cynder, the kitsune, naturally at eye level with Reign's own tailhole, the pucker of wrinkled pink flesh glistening with sweat and always smeared and caked with dried waste. Now was no different, especially as she watched mesmerized with the rhythmic clenching and squeezing, his ring of muscle repeatedly tightening in on itself with all of those overlapping wrinkles pulling together, pressing there, then relaxing and dropping back out only for a second before coming in again and again, the caught flecks and flakes lifting and dancing. The interior lips of his tailhole, right at the center where all that tension came together, had started to purse slightly outwards with the sheer pressure of what each of the ferals held inside of them, waiting for when this elevator hit its apex at the top of the building

Reign turned his head a bit, yellow eyes catching hers, and gave one of his trademark predatory grins. "You feeling it too?"

The kitsune nodded in response, then gritted her teeth and tightened up all over again. Maybe if she sat down, she could hold it in a little better… she tried it, then immediately stood right back up as the shivering of the elevator's machinery did the precise opposite. When she looked back between her legs, a little smear of discolored leakage had gathered across the thin carpeted floor of the space. "I don't think we're gonna make it."

"We're gonna make it. Well, maybe…" Reign looked behind himself, eyes following the line of another skyscraper as it disappeared out of sight beneath their feet. Then he looked to Cynder again, flicked his broad tongue over his chops, and finally repositioned himself with his tail raised, sizable haunches lining up against the full glass walls of the elevator. Cynder smirked despite herself, knowing fully well that he

could do that to any one of those workers elsewhere in the building and perfectly smush their muzzle up against the base of his tail, the sheer size of his body enough to work their nose and chin in along his clenching pucker no matter how tight he was squeezing it… which was, of course, never tight enough. As soon as the wolf's rump pushed up against the window, glass creaking in its supports, his face changed, he gritted his teeth, and then he let his muscles slacken for just the slightest of moments.

Cynder watched as his puckered tailhole pressed out and up against the glass there, wet flesh immediately sucking in against the smooth surface. A shudder racked through Reign's body, stirring deep within his belly visibly swollen and distended out from the mass of what he held inside of him, and he tossed his head up and arched his back, then tugged forward again. There was a wet, rumbling *schlrp* followed by the sharp *smack* of his tailhole pulling free again, and as he did so he turned his head over his shoulder again so now both of them could look back at where he had been. There along the glass, now fogged up nearly from the ceiling to the floor from the expulsion of hot, humid interior air, there was a clear print of the lips of his tailhole, puckered and wrinkled right in towards the center, with a trickle of translucent yellow-brown rolling slowly, thickly down.

"Oops," he rumbled, then grinned and licked his lips. The two ferals chuckled among themselves again, then swiftly gave way to the discomfort of their bloated bellies again. Cynder couldn't pull in a full breath for the amount of waste held inside of her, its production magnified so many times by their preparations before stepping into the elevator here. Her ears flicked back and forth, first to herself and then to Reign before her as each of their bodies rumbled and grumbled, stirred and squelched and shifted with the discomfort, loud enough to overcome the motor of the elevator as it hauled them towards the roof. "Looks like I had a bit of an accident. It would be a shame if-"

Abruptly the elevator juddered to a stop there, the deep, belly-churning sensation ceasing and forcing Cynder's insides to bump and slosh around themselves all over again. She grunted and clenched herself yet again, able to feel the tense shivering throughout the muscles of her lower body straining at keeping everything inside, tail reflexively hiking upwards beneath the burgeoning need.

"C'mon, c'mon…" she grumbled, shifting her weight from one hindleg to the other and then back. "I'm seriously about to lose it."

"Oh *no.*" Reign grinned again and took a step towards the doors when they began to slide open. "Releasing your effectively bottomless bowels while inside a box made almost entirely of glass? Filling it up to the metaphorical brim, until it squirts through the doors and forces those windows open?" Another rumble, likely originating deep within his boiling, simmering bowels, ricocheted through the wolf's body, and he briefly lowered himself down. Cynder saw the way his tail flicked upwards again, and for a moment expected another spurt and splash to turn these freshly-washed windows into stained glass. "Couldn't imagine. Oh, but look – we're not done yet."

He nodded out towards the doors. Cynder followed his gaze, then felt her heart drop into her roiling stomach at the sight: the slight chill of the increased elevation up here curled its fingers in through the opened the door, with a smooth concrete stairwell greeting them just outside. It twisted up and out of view, angular and utilitarian, with just a thin shred of sunlight cast down against the far wall from the unseen exit.

The kitsune tossed her head back and grumbled openly. "I'm gonna leave a fuckin' – trail up these stairs like a leaking coffee pot…"

Reign's ears perked at that. "Oh, coffee. That would've been a good idea, too. Gotta say, though-" Though he put on a strong, bold face, that first step out of the elevator still sent a visible shiver of discomfort through his body, with his tail curling up to show his now dripping tailhole. Cynder didn't feel particularly *safe* about following along behind him, but at the same time, she certainly wasn't about to complain about it. The huge feral wolf's backside, tailhole constantly clenching in on itself with huge, heavy balls swinging and stirring between his hindlegs provided an infinitely better vantage than the boring city spread out below them. "I can't even remember how much of that stuff we took down."

That stuff would be, of course, the extra-strength HyperLax. It had been Cynder's idea in the first place, and still she could feel its characteristic sweet slickness in the back of her throat and weighing down her breath, even when she grimaced and turned her muzzle up and away from some more of Reign's leakage. A quick bit of research, some sneaking around at the depot, a bit of finesse from the wolf's powerful jaws along the valves… and then some two and a half hours of nearly nonstop chugging, Cynder able to feel the thick sludge pour down through her bowels about as quickly as she drank it down.

Even just thinking about it made her stomach stir a little bit further. At this point, trundling slowly up the stairs behind the other feral, she couldn't let any of the deliberate tension go out from her lower body, or else she was liable to fill this entire stairwell with the result of that concentrated laxative.

"I lost count. Well, after the… eighth tank or so."

"Yeah?" Reign flashed his golden eyes back at her again. "You only went for eight?"

"No…" The kitsune giggled, then regretted the little jiggle that it sent through her body. Was that a thick, warm trickle rolling down the back of her sack? "I said that's just where I lost count. I've never done anything like this before."

At the top of the stairs Reign had to dip his head to press in at the handle of the door. For a normal person it would have been easily at waist height; for a feral of *his* size, it was far below. "Yeah, sure. Filling a portapotty 'til it pops isn't much different, y'know."

Cynder narrowed her eyes at him. The sun filtered in through the space in the door, then widened as he pushed his way through. "Hey. That happened *once*."

"For *you*, maybe. You said the same thing *then*, too – *oh, I don't think I'm gonna make it, oh no, I…"* Here he got that so-familiar look on his face again, squatted halfway down, hiked one of his hindlegs so that his fat sheath and sack jiggled beneath him – and then relaxed his muscles just enough for some of his internal pressure to relieve itself. Cynder wasn't facing the source of it this time, but the thick, chunky spray that emptied out across the concrete roof of the building carried the force of a shotgun blast behind it, with a fairly similar noise too. It echoed back and forth off the surrounding buildings, with a few residual spurts issuing out after. Leg still hiked, the wolf looked to Cynder again. "Oops. My bad. I just-" And then he did so again, this time with his face wrenching up to show that he actively gave a push. "Oh, there I go again. My mistake. You're doing quite well yourself for your first time, y'know."

Cynder felt her ears flatten against her head out of desperation. "You don't know how *close* I am. I was trying not to think about it."

At least the breeze on top of the building here was nice. Still squatting halfway down like a regular feral dog who had only made it halfway through a pit stop on his morning walk, Reign padded around towards the other side of the stairwell enclosure. “Y’know,” he said, looking around the roof for a suitable place to empty himself, “let me finish *this* up and I’d bet that I’ll be damn close too.”

“Where will we be *going*, though? I mean, I’ll be just as happy to sit off the side of the building and see how loud it’ll be when it hits the ground, but…” Cynder trailed off, looking back towards the stairway that led back down to the elevator doors. What Reign had said about filling up the compartment so tight that the glass cracked was still lingering in her head. She strode alongside him, his much larger body blocking the glaring sunlight from piercing into her eyes, and looked around a bit more.

Both of them came to the same idea at the same time, then. Over there towards the corner sat the huge conglomeration of metal ductwork, fans, and other such mechanisms, the heart of the air conditioning system for at least the upper half of the building. A previous technician had tied a ribbon in along one of the thin grates holding the great, spinning fan in place, and from here Cynder could see that most of the ribbon’s length had been sliced off by that fan, with what remained flapping and jittering in towards the tubing under immense suction. That was how the system worked, after all: highly pressurized air intake up here, to be then distributed out and through the building through a system of filters and temperature adjustments… but then, again, it all started up here through these multiple intake vents, thick fan blades visibly spinning some ways within. Wide, gaping maws, hungry, sucking fiercely at the air and really whatever else might come into their field.

The two ferals shared yet another look, Cynder able to see the distress, tension, and then interest on Reign’s face and the way his mouth twitched, and confident that he could see the same on her. She hadn’t been lying when she said they might not make it, as even now her tail hiked and her lower body started to squat down outside of her deliberate will – but Reign’s greater size and thus longer pace brought him up to the system before her. He leaned down to sniff at it, then pulled himself back as the suction pulled at his whiskers and fur of his muzzle.

He grinned up at her. Where she stood gave Cynder a perfect view of the wolf’s massive undercarriage, and it seemed that just the thought and anticipation had been enough to work the tip of his sleek, black-fleshed length out from his plump sheath. On a feral wolf with *normal* proportions it would be roughly equivalent to perhaps an inch or so of peek, but on Reign it came to be much, much more, putting the tip of his shaft about halfway up to his front legs. Cynder always wondered if he had to move his hindlegs in a special way to walk comfortably with that unbelievable mass swinging beneath him, and if his back ever ached from the weight.

“I think,” he rumbled, gradually turning his body around so his rear faced the intake vent, “we just found our toilet.”

Cynder grinned as well and slowly, deliberately rested herself down, careful not to rest her weight too much on her lower belly. Any extra pressure there and she felt as though she would make like a toothpaste tube and just squirt everything out behind her, which – she took a look – might just have enough force behind it to hit the neighboring building, an angled, mirror-windowed banking firm. “I think I’d like to see a demonstration first.”

From here she could see that the vent had *quite* a powerful suction to it. Reign could tell too, of course: the huge wolf kept his tail lifted and hindlegs splayed out as he backed himself up, head turned over his shoulder to make sure he was lined up properly. For a while Cynder managed to forget about the discomfort and pressure stirring in her own bowels, watching his puckered, grimy tailhole as it twitched and crowned out beneath the load he carried, then clenching in turn as he started to feel the sensation of the vent's vacuum along his sensitive, wrinkled skin – and the way his huge, heavy sack jiggled underneath him, sloshing and bouncing against his thighs and knees.

The kitsune tilted her head to the side and gave a slow, half-conscious thrust downward. Naturally all of this was getting her a little bit worked up as well. "You know," she mused, "I could make a joke right here about – I dunno – a dump truck backing up to make a deposit."

Reign scoffed and tossed his head. "Yeah, yeah. You wouldn't be the first. Or the tenth. Or the – hundredth, or…"

That was when the suction kicked into gear, visibly pulling at the fur of his rump and tail – and then suddenly, viciously yanked him the rest of the way back with enough force that the rest of his body bounced. His ears shot upright, his back straightened, his legs kicked, and then there was a thick, wet *schlrp*, long and drawn out while the vent sought for, latched on to, and sucked tight against the smooth skin surrounding his already puckered, swollen tailhole. Reign gasped with the sudden sensation, arched his back, settled himself in against the metal structure, and shuddered all over – and this time the first sound to come out was the thick, heavy slurps of hot wet sludge slapping against the interior walls, sloshing among the blades of the fan, pouring and rolling and tumbling down through the ducts.

"Oh – *God*-" the wolf panted, spreading his legs and lowering himself down a bit further. Each time he thrust forward, the immense suction of the vent just pulled him back again, tailhole distended away from his body and remaining affixed against the intake, swollen and at least for the moment permanently parted open while the system pulled out everything that boiled inside of him, sending it careening throughout the air system of the building like an overflowing river having broken its levees. "Now *that's* – what I'm-"

Cynder watched in awe as the volume within his belly started to empty, gradually yet visibly. The AC system struggled and slogged with the load suddenly pouring through its veins, much heavier, thicker, and denser than what it was built to handle, with all of its joints and bolts creaking, scraping, grating against one another. The sounds issuing out from the inlet as well as Reign's gaping tailhole itself were *obscene*, shocking out from that ring of contact between the two of them. Loud, wet, messy, *chunky*: again and again he tugged himself forward, large footpaws bracing against the base of the machinery for leverage, his pulsing, swollen tailhole rippling with the constant vacuum both at its rim as well as inside of his lower bowels, pulling out and away from his body only to then slap back into place with the rest of him.

The kitsune watching rolled her head to the side again while she watched, lost in the show – and now thrusting and grinding her hips more in rhythm, warm arousal sparking through the intense pressure and discomfort that weighed her down so heavily. One time when the two had been out on the town late at night, she had left a bar searching for the huge feral wolf and passed by on the street to see him down an alley, backing his sizeable rump up against the brick wall – while some rather fortunate coyote, a patron of the bar that they had each seen earlier in the night, struggled to keep his lips wrapped

around the feral's bulging, blossoming tailhole, throat pulsing with the load that Reign pipelined directly down his throat and into his belly.

Six feet at the shoulder meant that his tailhole came perfectly at mouth level with most folks, and that just worked out in that coyote's favor that night. Now it was the system's intake valve that took that spot, and it sucked and slurped and tugged at the feral's gaping bowels more hungrily than any two-legged coyote could ever hope to, with the sheer pleasure of intense relief combined with the sensation of all that sludge pulling along his internal walls plastered clear along Reign's face. His tongue hung out of his mouth, his eyes rolled up beneath his lids, and by now his shaft had continued to slide out from his sheath so that now the tapered tip poked out about even with the top of his ribcage. He could tilt his head down and get a taste of himself from here if he wanted.

Right as Cynder prepared to stand up and come over herself, though, the wolf half-lifted one of his hind legs again, gritted his teeth, scrunched his face up, and pulled along the air intake. Heavy balls sloshed underneath him towards his one grounded hindleg, the tight, plump skin pulling up and back towards his puckered tailhole swollen past its normal limits from the sensation of the suction, like any other vacuum pump in place. It was a small movement beneath the pressure of the system dumping his waste out throughout the building – beneath the groaning, creaking, and clicking of the machinery, with sensitive perked ears the kitsune could hear the telltale gurgling and slopping of the stuff down into the rooms beneath their footpaws – but Reign tightened his muscles with a clench, pushed again, clenched up… and this time held tight as he pulled forward, his no longer tight tailhole sucking free from the inlet with another wet *schlorp*. This time the lips of his pucker remained distended a good distance out, dark flesh made darker still by the rush of sensation and circulation to the area from the intense suction, normally tight and pert muscles and wrinkles now rounded and glistening like an overfilled balloon.

Once again his yellow eyes floated over towards where Cynder now stood, hopping gently from hindleg to hindleg beneath the almost irresistible pressure inside herself. At this point she had to deliberately keep herself clenched tight, as any relaxation caused another squirt and dribble from her barely-loosened pucker to empty out across her legs, the back of her sack, and the building beneath her.

"Come on," the wolf purred, slowly leaning back in to the suction. He gave a few more clenches of his ring of muscle, the movement barely registering beneath the bloated flesh and skin, and then – jumped, yelped with pleasure, and shuddered again when he slotted right back into place. "Don't leave me – to do this on my own, you're really… *missing out*-"

Cynder let out a hungry sigh and quickly bounded over. She couldn't make her tail go back down even if she had wanted to, the muscles at the base tense and quivering from the incessant itch. "Don't have to tell *me* twice," she quipped, then sidled up alongside him – the scent made her nose curl, even though almost all of it was being redirected down through the hundred-something floors of the building – and looked back.

She had been right in her suspicion, too: a trail of thick bits and chunks followed her over from where she had sat before, with the same warmth oozing from her puckered, protruding rim, constantly crowning from what she was *so close* to releasing. Reign grunted and grinded his hips back against the suction again, the lip of his sheath smoothly rolling forward and back over the musk-slickened flesh of his shaft; Cynder licked her lips, pulled in a breath, glanced back over her shoulder one more time, took another half-step back…

…and then made quite the same noise that he did when that suction finally latched onto – or, rather, *around* and then *inside* of – her. Even when she still tried to clench and pull back against the sensation, it was like someone had reached up inside of her to quickly, forcibly scoop everything out of her, her load going in thick, sticky bursts out into the inlet and down the tubing throughout the building. Intense pressure turned to even stronger pleasure, both from the expulsion itself as well as from the feeling of all of this warmth and weight slipping along her insides.

Roughly half of the fun of intentionally filling her bowels was in the sensation of letting it all loose, after allowing the pressure, discomfort, and urgency to build up and push past their normal limits. First there was the unbelievable relief, all of that pressure slipping smoothly and easily out of her, but here with what was essentially an industrial vacuum pumping sucking at her tailhole at least as hungrily as it still did Reign's beside her, the noises much louder, wetter, and *nastier* now that she knew they were coming from herself. With the AC inlet pulling at her, she could actually feel the way the folds and lips of her tailhole sputtered and slopped along the sides of the intake pipe, quite thoroughly slickened by the oozing, dripping waste.

The kitsune couldn't help it: she bore down and pushed back against the hungry mouth, hips rocking up and down as much as she could with that fierce vacuum pulling away at her, shoveling deep inside again and again with the turning of the fan blades driving the motion. Slurping up from deep inside her bowels behind her belly, roiling and rocking throughout her inner walls, shifting that liquid pressure back and forth – always inevitable coming forward and down, squeezing at that spot inside of her a short ways behind the base of her sheath and sack, and forcing her to reflexively tighten, thrust, and shudder.

That was a familiar feeling, of course. The warm point of pressure pushing in there, forcing her lower muscles to shiver as they tightened close together; her sheath pulsed around her shaft, growing and throbbing with the sensation, and her balls tugged briefly up towards her body; and she rubbed herself forward and back, forward and back in place there, the system managing to pleasure her prostate with her own load as it slurped out of her.

Beside her Reign let out another rumble of satisfaction. Cynder looked over through half-lidded eyes: the wolf was now fully hard, sheath still wrapped around the slight bulge of his unswollen knot – relatively speaking: the average person would have trouble encompassing it with their arms fully spread – with his tip poking well out from between his front legs. By now he had painted the concrete of the rooftop with dark, damp jets of pre a good six or seven feet in front of him, with a few of the following sprays arcing up and over the edge to splash down at the street below.

"Feels – good, doesn't it?" he managed, then braced himself for another push. In contrast Cynder relaxed her muscles as best as she could, loving the sensation slurping around and inside of her tailhole, though it was still impossible to resist the rhythmic clenching, throbbing, and thrusting from the sweet sensation along her buried prostate. "Gotta say though, I – *am* missing the loving touch of a tongue, a bit…" His voice pinched off as he gave another forceful push, this time visibly lifting himself forward and away from the inlet vent. Hot, dense humidity from deep inside his body spluttered out through the imperfect seal between his swollen tailhole and the pipe, then just as quickly and messily slapped back into place. "Not that I'm *really* complaining."

"I – ah…" Cynder's legs shook beneath her, and if not for the suction keeping her effectively glued against the side of the machine, she certainly would have fallen down in a mess of shivers and thrusts, her own full arousal twitching and bouncing against her belly. Against Reign's superior, impressive

proportions her own seemed to lean towards the other end of the scale, but she knew from practiced experience that what squirted and sprayed out beneath her chest was still considerably more than the average feral. All of this, jets of hungry pre emptying out as swiftly as her bowels made seemingly endless from the concentrated laxative, and she hadn't even needed to touch herself yet. "Yeah. I can – see what you're saying. Though I think I'm – about to…"

Reign tossed his head back and gritted his teeth in a tight, tense grin. It was remarkable how much his belly had changed after dumping out for several minutes unbroken now, the system yanking the shit out from his bowels deeper than likely anything else he had ever experience: where the flesh and fur of his lower body had pouched out from his sides and nearly dragged along the ground like his balls behind him, now he had returned to a more normal state of being, though even with Cynder's vision fogged as it was by her own processing, she could still see the telltale signs of the fervid dumping deep inside of him.

By now most of the result of that laxative had worked its way out of them, though each certainly still had more to give, and down through the piping that normally would cycle fresh air through the building. Instead of this, though, it was thick, rancid sludge that dripped and plopped down, first through the grates of the vents as though there were a simple leak from one of the upstairs bathrooms somewhere, and then blasting through as pressure and solidity built up. In between the walls and floors the air ducts creaked and bent in among themselves, then periodically burst at the seams as the combination of both of the ferals' products pushed their way through.

The two had intentionally planned this for a weekday, which meant this skyscraper held its normal bounty of workers across all the floors. Foul air filtered down through the vents from above, enough to turn some heads and paint their faces in concern, disgust, and confusion, all until the actual leakage began. There was no turning back from there, as the windows steamed up with thick fog, then a warm, gritty sludge began coming up along the floors pouring out from those shattered vents, dripping down between the ceiling tiles that had also begun to sag beneath the weight they carried, before those then broke and poured down as well.

From up here on the roof, underneath the crackling, sputtering, spitting, and slurping of their gaping tailholes and wet innards yanked around with the suction of the fans, each of them could hear the glass of those windows as they pressed in their sills and supports, as they strained, and pulled, and started to crack. Unseen from here, some of the workers down several floors found themselves pressed up against the glass, filled to the brim like a fish tank with the hot sludge still swirling behind them. By this point Reign had completely emptied himself out, it seemed, though still sat back to enjoy the sensation of the inlet as it sucked along his innards and prostate – and Cynder twitched and bucked with the pleasure as well, her own alternating clenches and pushes becoming quicker, fiercer, more urgent.

"I – haven't felt – *this* – empty in-" the wolf began, then immediately curled in on himself with a deep rumble building in his chest. He gritted his teeth, curled his tail sharply upwards, spread his legs around his massive balls as much as he could, then gasped, thrust, thrust again – and howled out as the first spurt of rich, thick white blasted out of the end of his sizeable shaft between his front legs, arcing up into the sky and slapping loudly out across the neighboring building's ceiling and face. Then another, and another, reaching further at first and then losing their distance, spurting out alongside a moan of pleasure and then, some seconds later, impacting the street far below. His head rolled forward again, tongue lolling out of his mouth as his body shuddered and lurched with the residual waves of peaking pleasure. "…Years… *hah…*"

Cynder wasn't quite finished, though. Still she could feel the distinct, deep slurping of the stuff being forcibly pulled out of her, at once uncomfortable yet pleasurable just like it had been to feel all of it build up in the first place. All of these rich, intense smells curled around her head and assaulted her senses, her own familiar brand on top of Reign's sharper, heavier stink, then her warm musk against the wolf's, and the deeper aroma of his voluminous *other* load now sprayed across this building and half of the one across the street, thick ropes – really, about the same diameter as a rope – hanging down from overhanging ledges and windowsills. She closed her eyes, shuddered, and continued to work her body against the suction of the machine as though thrusting into something before and beneath her, arousal-slickened sheath sliding wonderfully back and forth across her own unswollen knot, jets of eager pre continuing to paint the concrete beneath her body. Now there was something thicker and slicker amid those spurts as well, a thin, milky whiteness that wasn't quite what Reign had just blasted across the block but still doubtless the precursor to it.

When the kitsune went dry, so to say, she definitely *felt* it. Suddenly all of that suction seemed to redouble inside of her, scooping along her interior walls and pulling them in on themselves all at once, while still at the same time managing to reach deep up inside of her. Now instead of shit and slime slurping along her prostate, it was just her own flesh and clenching muscles – and while it wasn't quite the same, still Cynder could feel herself pushed ever closer to the same edge. She gritted her teeth as well, gave a push, tightened up again, then thrust, thrust once more, and finally felt the same intense pleasure rocketing through her that had forced Reign to paint the building like this.

Her legs shook underneath her, both from the force of her peak as well as the continued suction of the AC inlet, slurping messily at her filthy tailhole now just raw, wet flesh. The throes shocked through her again and again, each one bringing her down closer to the ground beneath her feet where a good portion of each of their mess had poured out and now spread in a growing puddle, steaming with pure internal heat. Each of her throbs felt a little bit more intense than the last until the kitsune almost expected to lose control from the sensation of it, finally leading to her twitching, throbbing, and panting, hard cock with fully swollen knot slapping against her belly yet now shooting blanks, the rest of her pleasure having already emptied out before her.

Even afterwards the pleasure continued, high and ticklish. Reign gritted his teeth, bore down, and then pulled against the inlet: it took a few tries but he managed it, his normally sleek, smooth tailhole now swollen out into a fat, plump ring of abused flesh, glistening red meat visible from through its temporary gape. She watched him try to clench and squeeze shut, and saw the ring of muscle respond in turn – but still those wet overlapping wrinkles winked at her from inside, the rim and exterior smeared in thick, dense brown.

Cynder tugged at her own inlet a few times and found herself stuck, her body pulling away only to inevitably get yanked right back into place. She braced herself in place there, pushed her footpaws against the base of the system, and started grinding herself back and forth, pushing through the waves of residual pleasure that still arced through her from doing so… and when her tailhole finally pulled free, just as loose and sloppy as Reign's at this point, the kitsune felt as though she were just another few seconds away from a forced orgasm underneath the hungry suction of the machine.

"Goodness…" she panted, looking back at the now nearly destroyed AC receiver. The blades of the fan still spun, but much slower now that the pressure had abruptly lightened: even the ductwork up here showed evidence of bloating and breaking, and a consistent rattling issued from deeper within the

network that showed without a doubt things further down had been thoroughly shattered. “I wonder what would’ve happen if we’d downed more of that stuff?”

“Would’ve if we could’ve,” Reign quipped. He sidled over towards the edge of the building, careful not to step in his own mess, and peered over. “But, *man*, we did some good fuckin’ work.”

After a moment Cynder made her way over as well on shaky, unsteady legs, fully aware of her hard length bouncing underneath her and continuing to dribble the last drops of her load out where she walked. Still that tingling residual pleasure remained at the base of her shaft and deep inside of her, and as she approached she eyeballed Reign’s much more impressive equipment for just a moment – until, of course, she made it to the edge as well.

There, about halfway down the building to the street, the evidence of their *misbehavior* made itself unavoidably known. Cracked and broken windows spilled out over the thick, slow slurry of fetid sludge pouring from within, much heavier now that it had cooled down a bit. In this case ‘a bit’ was relative, as even from way up here the two ferals could still see the steam curling up off of their *product*, and the bigger solid chunks hanging among the wet, muddy volume.

Cynder smirked. Again with the whole “river having broken its levees” idea. She curled her nose – the clearance of the street between this building and the one across the way, Reign’s peak still dripping heavily down the side, meant that their shared stench climbed right up into the sky here – and drew back, ready to say something else. She had to stop, though, as soon as she looked over to Reign again, as the wolf had turned his body sideways to the street below, stepped aside so that his heavy shaft and sack hung off, and now tilted his head back, took in a breath… then let it out as a slow sigh, as wide sprays of piss began to arc out of his tip and down into the street below.

It took several seconds for the sound to reach their ears. Cynder leaned over to look again and saw, yet again, what looked like a river of rich, deep yellow gold swirling and flowing around the bases of the buildings first like some acid rain from above, then like a hyper-salty ocean stirred to turbulence from the force of some storm far above.

Reign kept on going for a while, his shaft slowly starting to retreat back into his plump sheath as he went. He pushed his lower body down and leaned his head further back, sighing with relief at the volume continuing to pour out of him and cut through his shared mess with Cynder, the rich, filthy bottom of the reeking, musky golden river that had now taken the place of the street. What cars had been parked down there either sat halfway stuck into the grime, or now floated away on the current – and it seemed there were a few people down there as well, swimming through the mark in attempts to find something to catch on to.

Cynder almost envied them. Her ears flicked over again at Reign’s next sigh of relief, and when she turned to look, his thick shaft leapt beneath him once, twice, a third time as he throbbed and shook to get those last drops – again, relative: she heard them impact the volume down below, almost comical in the noise of their *ker-plunk* – then lowered his hindleg back down. The wolf grinned, noting the way that she watched him.

He nodded down towards the street again. “*Now* I’m empty. You have to go, too?”

“Oh, come on.” Cynder rolled her eyes but still approached the edge, careful not to go too far, and hiked a leg. “I won’t be *nearly* as impressive as you.”

Reign tossed his head. “Nobody ever is.” He grinned again. “But it’ll still be worth it. Besides – oh, you hear that?”

She did. The kitsune let her leg drift down a bit as she searched the sky, then saw it there: the news helicopter approaching from the other side of the city, the muted sound of its blades somewhat similar to those of the AC system that had just thoroughly cleaned the two of them out.

Reign winked. “Hope you don’t get stage fright.”

“Pssh.” Cynder raised her leg back up. “Watch me.”